

**SEAT**  
**of**  
**TRUTH**

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Ezechias

Domexa

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To Grandpa & Grandma: Mr. & Mrs. Eleanor Jeantinor

Are you afraid of the dark?  
Then turn on your light.  
—Ezechias Domexa

# PART I

# AN INTRODUCTION

In the world of savvy businessmen, I'm nearly without rival. My business has thrived for centuries and centuries, longer than you care to know. Way back, when dreams — all these modern inventions — were merely concepts, and the folly of human's imagination.

"It's impossible!" you used to bark. Surprisingly, most of you still do. And I've always laughed.

Unlike you, I have always known these things — even greater things — were possible. So I used your ignorance to build an empire. You could say I'm an opportunist. My Competitor, however, vehemently disagrees. He claims that I play and prey on your innocence. That is a lie in itself. For the most part, this is what caused the friction between us before our amicable split. He takes all the credit for Creation, saying that He created the heavens and earth, but fails to mention that it was a collective effort. When I attempted to justify this small misunderstanding, He mounted a coup d'état and surprised me in an ambush. We fought mightily until a cease-fire and agreed to part ways. But He cooked up some story, telling the whole world that it wasn't a split, but a forceful removal.

Regardless, I agreed to supply this introduction, to offer some personal insight into my business strategies and practices in

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exchange for your opinion on a small, rather personal matter, if you will.

By the time you finish reading this book, of these two things one is certain: either you will become fonder of my perilous assets, or you will begin to see things from a whole new perspective.

I know for some of you no amount of explanation can change your mindset. And because of your ignorance you will always walk in lameness, whine all day, and blame the whole world for your lacks and failures. And for the rest of you, in your dysfunctional, unstable mind, everything is a debate. Trust me, I know debate; I invented it myself. There's nothing pleasant, or fruitful, or noble about it, if you must know. A quick examination of our offices: politics, environment, entertainment, and academia can easily testify to my meaning.

Yet my premonition of which of these categories you will fall into is the least of my concerns. My best guess is that most of you will fall into my laps again. It appears, for some inexplicable reasons and unknown circumstances, that there exists a convulsive torrent, some sort of gravitational force that always puts you in my trajectory. And the answer to our constant crossing-paths lies in the choice of your words – the power of your tongue.

“No I can't.” (Lovely!)

“I have no one to help me.”

“It's so difficult.”

“I'm afraid.” (My all-time favorite.)

“I am too white.”

“I am too black.”

“I am too Muslim.”

“I am too Latino.”

“I don't have the time.” (How adorable, huh?)

“I’m not talented.”

“It’s impossible.” (I mean, really?)

Those are your favorite words. Shall I continue? *Merci beaucoup!*

You see, in your depleted linguistic interpretation of the Old-Fashioned Book, you consider yourself more of a ... uh ... a self-inventor, not as the peculiar people, or royal nation you were designed and destined to be, *Vous savez?* And I’m supposed to be preying on your innocence? Oh, please!

Luckily, everything history taught you about me, you think it is fairy tale – bedtime stories to lull babies to sleep. Over time, the Old-Fashioned Book became a derelict building, crumbling with the passing of the ages. Frankly, I secretly laugh my ass off and begin to wonder what future generations will make of it.

My mission is to make your life miserable and eventually destroy you. And if I can do just that before you reach the end of this great book, I will, gladly. The reasons are not many: humans find me funny. Oh, how I hate that word! I don’t see the funny side of what I do. There is nothing, absolutely nothing witty or glorious about dying, or better yet, in his own paranormal vocabulary, “being lost.” Such tasteless descriptors disgust me. Even worse is the irony with which the Venom from his mouth insults me, in spite of his general rudimentary insight into his own making and history.

Oh, wait! I often forget my manners. Please excuse my rudeness — I have failed to properly introduce myself. I can cordially assure you, though, that my chivalry is most gracious. My Creators were generous with me. You could say Wisdom is my nickname, for I have wowed many with that virtue.

Anyway, an early introductory isn’t important and might well spoil the surprise. After all, we have plenty of time to make each

other's acquaintance and will eventually get to know each other quite well, I guarantee.

For now you may call me Counselor — Counselor Tshembow. And I don't take kindly to my name and its spelling being made fun of. Although my true identity is hidden — and you, too, have learned well enough how to stay hidden, but my name? I live up to its expectations.

The name is Tshembow. The *t* is silent, and so is the *w*. I wouldn't have it any other way. And your age doesn't matter to me. From fleshy newborns to old-timers languishing in nursing homes, in all the known worlds, with all my diseases, I see you all the same, and of pity I have none. Assuredly, I'll bet that when you find out who I really am, I will have your undivided attention.

Don't just take my word for what I say, okay? I don't want to scare you away. Sometimes the confusion in my confused state is so confusing that my judgment, counsel, and advice are a guess at best. I just need your personal opinion about something. About a little, a little — uh! — *misunderstanding*. A misunderstanding that I have with a Guy.

We have had countless of great business dealings throughout the ages, and I know Him as a fair and shrewd businessperson. Not that I don't believe in Him, I do. I just need your own, personal opinion in that small matter.

He doesn't withhold what's mine, that much I know for certain. But I find it out of the ordinary that a specific good would be held back for so long. And I now question the how and the why for such unusual delay.

You see, I've been waiting here, at the Gate of Exchange & Forgotten Hope, where our daily business transactions take place, and I've yet to hear from Him. We'll get to His identity a little later. He is not a Guy I truly like to talk much about, really,

because the Dude gives me chills each time we meet and I always tremble. But don't be carried away by hearsay, let's just leave it for now. Instead, allow me the pleasure of flaunting my credentials and telling you a bit more about my accomplishments, background and qualifications. Shall we?

I am a Counselor. That means I represent clients and give legal advice. Whether you like it or not, you are most likely among my endless clientele one way or another. My list of faithful clients ranges from the best to the worst, from all walks of life: entertainment and sports, technology and science, business and politics, religion and culture; they are scholars and media figures, celebrities and unknowns, farmers and professionals, soccer moms and coaches, teachers and students, beggars and elites and bourgeois, priests and followers, police and soldiers, bakers and princes, servants and kings.

What's my specialty, you ask? That's a great question.

My specialty is souls.

Human souls.

I guarantee loss and destruction, and all bad things in between.

Well, technically, I don't advertise that with such boldness — an unnecessary arrogance anyway. I operate on a more ... a more — uh — hidden agenda *per se, vous savez* ... hmm ... oh! My agenda is *parallel* in dimensional nature. I know that humanity has a phobia of big words and complicated sentences like "My agenda is parallel in dimensional nature" — honestly, I don't know what the heck that means, and neither do you. Let's just move right along, shall we?

To put it bluntly, I destroy human souls. That's what I do. And I'm good at it.

I take neither breaks nor vacations; I don't take sick days and I don't call in late; I am not afraid of tornadoes, or rain, or

hurricanes, floods or fire, or snow. I just work around the clock while you humans are asleep — not literally, you damned things!

Now I know without a doubt that I have your full attention. I told you, didn't I?

I'm going to introduce you to a guy — not the Big Dude, not yet. Leave Him on the side for now. I'll introduce you to an eyewitness, a nice guy. I'm almost persuaded you've met people like him before, at least once in your miserable, stuck-in-the-middle life. Naturally, there aren't many of his kind around anymore, but I believe you may at least have heard of one or two, maybe three, in the distant past, perhaps from the Old-Fashioned Book, your bedtime storybook. His name is ... uh. Oh! Mitch. Mitch P. Campbell. He will tell you more about the ... *misunderstanding* about which I seek your input.

In the meantime, I urge you to remember my name is Tshembow, with a silent *t* and a silent *w*. I wish all the letters in my name were silent because I thrive in silence.

Mitch, my *frenemy*! Will you please tell these monkeys what led us into this predicament?

## CHAPTER ONE

*“If man learns how to live,  
he should necessarily learn how to die.”*

—Ezekias

My name is Mitch, Mitch P. Campbell, as the Counselor said. My last day on earth was a Thursday. It was the last Thursday of July 2015, my son’s sixth birthday.

When I looked back at all the events that led to my demise, with all honesty, I can say that it wasn’t the best year to die and neither was it the best day, because no one really wants to die. Do they?

We humans, we love life. However difficult the days ahead may seem we still cling to the dear rope of hope that tomorrow, or next month, or next year it’ll be better, and thus, we press on toward our next sunrise. Death wasn’t on my schedule. Not so soon.

Anyway, that was the summer of fulfillment. It was, in a way, the beginning of my sanity. It was the time, too, when I had fully reached the pinnacle of personal success and happiness, when I had found out I was more tolerant of things and of people, and

especially of the clashes between cultures. I became more loving and caring than I'd ever been, and my wife became prettier than she had ever been. It was a great year.

Money, of course, I'd never seen it in quantity, although I suspected that my family had plenty. I had stopped dreaming about a family inheritance — had long since stopped counting when my widowed mother would die and pass it all to me, now that I'd become the only heir.

I wanted to live, maybe too much. You know those moments when everything in your life is going so well? Not because you have money in the bank, it's just that zeal, that optimistic perspective about the unknown. There was so much to live for, so much to look forward to. Mostly, I guess, I wanted to witness the growth of my son, Matthew. So I longed to enjoy the age of wisdom and to die an old man as it is wished in all known cultures.

I didn't die old. I felt that so many pages of my life were left empty, so many journeys that I wanted to set out to, but didn't; so many beautiful things that I wanted to pursue and accomplish but was too afraid of what people would say. My life was just shells of unfulfilled promises, lived in the shadow of others to stay relevant.

Death surprised me that day. It wasn't supposed to be like that. I had thought I'd be the one looking for death, or at the least waiting for it.

I imagined I'd become old, my opal skin still hanging to my bones, only traces of the violet veins, already dying, and simple gestures would make my knees wobble.

I had pictured myself calling on everyone I cherished, dividing my earthly belongings, giving instructions about who would get the paintings, who the old car, who the jewelry, how to divide the land — properly arranging my affairs, making

amends with family, high school friends, and neighbors over decades-old grudges, giving proper goodbye hugs. Then death would find me in my sleep, waiting and ready.

If I had to die that young, I'd have hoped for a different day, certainly a different place, perhaps a different time and definitely a different way. Not in that gruesome, uncalled-for, unexpected manner — and in the middle of summer at that, when tourists flocked to West Palm Beach Florida, and my testosterone skyrocketed. It was a close call.

If I were given the choice to pick a day to die — as most of you would — my top pick would be a Sunday morning, when people go to church to confess their sins. I'd want to die there, on the altar, at the rooftop of the Holy Ghost, showered head to toe in the Well of Emmanuel. The magic brew! But it wasn't up to me to decide on the time, or the place, or the manner in which I would go, so I died anyway. I didn't even get to make a last phone call to anyone I knew. Not to friends, colleagues or family, not even my son. What a betrayal! At forty-five years of age, full of power and will and dreams, wealthy and healthy as an Arabian horse, at the peak of my sexual flame, my best years. I didn't want to die.

My mother died within minutes of me.

Oh! FYI: I am speaking to you from Heaven. Lucky me — I made it. Whew! And by the way, there was no blinding light or tunnel if you must know.

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